Old man. I my Lord.

Gloſt. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my ſake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith' way to Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring ſome couering for this naked ſoule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke ſir he is mad.

Gloſt. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleaſure,
Aboue the reſt, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the beſt parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy ſweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowſt thou the way to *Douer*?

Edg. Both ſtile and gate, horſe-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene ſcard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of luſt, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbneſſe,
Mahu of ſtealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of Mobing,
And *Mohing* who ſince poſſeſſes chambermaids
And waiting women, ſo, bleſſe thee maſter.

Glo. Here take this purſe, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all ſtrokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale ſo ſtill,
Let the ſuperfluous and luſt-dieted man
That ſtands your ordinance, that will not ſee
Becauſe he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So diſtribution ſhould vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough: doſt thou know Douer?

Edg. I maſter.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whoſe high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And ile repaire the miſery thou doſt beare,
With ſomething rich about me,
From that place ſhall I no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore Tom ſhall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Baſtard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I maruaile our milde husband
Not met vs on the way: now, where's your Maſter?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man ſo chang'd; I tolde him of the Army that was landed, he ſmiled at it, I told him you were coming, his anſwer was, the worſe; of *Gloſters* treachery, and of the loyall ſeruice of his ſonne, when I enformd him, then he cald me ſot, and told me I had turnd the wrong ſide out, what hee ſhould moſt deſire, ſeemes pleaſant to him, what like offenſiue.

Gon. Then ſhall you go no further.
It is the cowiſh curre of his ſpirit
That dares not vndertake, heel not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an anſwer, our wiſhes on the way
May proue effects, backe *Edmund* to my brother,
Haſten his muſters, and conduct his powers,
I muſt change armes at home, and giue the diſtaffe
Into my husbands hands; this truſty ſeruant
Shall paſſe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venter in your owne behalfe
A miſtreſſes coward, weare this ſpare ſpeech,
Decline your head: this kiſſe if it durſt ſpeake,
Would ſtretch thy ſpirits vp into the ayre;
Conceiue, and faryewell.

Baſt. Yours in the rankes of death.

Gon. My moſt deare Gloſter, to thee womans ſeruices are due,
My foote vſurpes my head.

Stew. Madame, heere comes my Lord.

Exit Steward.